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BY ANNIE I. KNOWLTON

My Lover's Love.

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My woman heart has often bled

And wept in pain o'er fond hopes fled.

I watch the rain in silence fall

I droop as under death's dark pall.

H

I long for love's most precious star To leave the door of heaven ajar Adown life's current still I glide, Sighing, 'tis best, may God provide.



I see the rain drops falling now In meekness to His will I bow. At last my soul is filled with song The notes re-echo deep and long.

IV

The birds take up the sweet refrain

And send it back to me again

The flowers that now around me bloom

Are wafting back a sweet perfume.



The stars, the moon, the sun look down And gild anew my lover's crown.

The waves they ripple gently on,

The pain, the gloom, they all are gone.

VI

The fleecy clouds, the waving grass

They nod and beckon as I pass;

For love has changed my shadowed face

And given it a tender grace.



VП

I've heard the blossoms whisper love,
And plight their vows to each fond dove,
I've seen their faces round the rills,
I've seen the bright sun kiss the hills;

VIII

But never half the truth I felt
Till at my feet my own love kuelt:
My lover's love it lights the way
And turns the night into the day.

ANNIE I. KNOWLTON









